A DIALOGUE BETWEEN Pasquin and Morforio, Two STATUES in ROME.

Mor. WHY how no *Paſ---* ſince the Laſt *Election*,
I thought you'd had no Buſineſs for Reflection?
French Luid'ores, that never us'd to fail,
Have loſt their Virtue now, and can't prevail;
And honeſt *Clement* wiſely does Eſpouſe,
Diſtinction's laid aſide, the *Common Cauſe*.
Paſ. True, but the *Engliſh Senators* have made
Themſelves the Subject of a *Paſquinade*-----
Mor. Pray hold your Tongue. [*Paſ---* Why ſo? I need not fear
Their Serjeant ſurely cannot reach me here.
Mor. Their Priviledges daily they extend,
For, like the World to Come, they're without End;
And if their Pow'r but equally increaſe,
You may have Cauſe to wiſh you'd held your peace.
But what's the Quarrel! [*Paſ---* I can make it out:
That tho' 500 us'd to Set and Vote,
(At leaſt 400 *Senators* and odd)
Thee're now reduc'd to 4. [*Morf.*— To 4? [*Paſ---* To 4 indeed.
One *M*, one *S*, two *H H*, and no more,
The Nation repreſents, and that's but Four.
The reſt are (o's) and no Number make,
Unleſs you do from Theſe the *Unites* take.
Mor. How can that be? *Paſ---* If you deſire to know,
NED will inform you, and *JACK* tell you *HOW*.
Ask at *Vienna*, *Shall we War proclaim?*
To be reſolv'd, they'll bid you go to Them:
And at the *Hague* they'll tell you, It's as they,
And not the KING or his Allies, ſhall ſay.
Huffing *D'aux* Vaunts and Swears *Be Gar*,
My Maſter do de Dutch *nor no Confederate fear*,
If S. *and* Shak Hoo *'gainſt him don Declare*:
Dem he will make his own, and den vid eaſe,
Can winde and turn de reſt wich way dey pleaſe.
But who, except *Lewis le Grand*, that knows
The Force of *Luid'ores*, would e'er ſuppoſe,